

IMPACT



NO. 4  
AUG.-SEPT.

LN 10



10¢

# SCARY SUSPENSTORIES

JOLTING TALES OF  
**TENSION**

IN THE

FT 9/27



TRADITION!





# SHOCK TALK

Good Lord! SHOCK No. 4 already! Well, actually, we're a little premature with this column. SHOCK No. 3 is just about to hit the stands, so we haven't as yet received a single letter commenting on it! We are especially interested in the reactions to our "off-the-beaten-path" story, THE GUILTY . . . but we're afraid you'll have to wait until next issue for the thoughts of your co-readers! (As we mentioned, this column is being written earlier than it would be normally . . . we're in the midst of our annual "spring speed-up," necessitated by our engraving shop taking a three week vacation en masse in July!)

Meanwhile, your letters and comments have continued to pour in re SHOCK No. 2! Within the last few months, we've received several letters complaining that we publish too many complimentary letters! As Greg Arlan of Atlanta, Georgia puts it: "O.K., fellows! I agree that E.C. magazines are the best . . . but let's stop spouting off in those letter pages about how good they are! Stop printing letters that compliment you!"

Well, we agree . . . and as a consequence, we've tried very hard to do just that in the rest of our line! (See Mrs. Arline Grandon Phelan's letter in Weird Fantasy No. 13 or Vault of Horror No. 25!) However, SHOCK being our new baby, and we being like all proud papas, we'd like to "spout off" just one more time! (See next issue for fightin' letters!) So if'n ya don't like slush, skip the rest of this column (except for subscription info!) and shift your eyes right to SPLIT SECOND, Jack Kamen's lead-off Crime SuspensStory. Following that, you will read Wally Wood's Shock SuspensStory, CONFESSION. Next comes Joe Orlando's S-F SuspensStory, STRICTLY BUSINESS . . . and Jack Davis winds up with the Horror SuspensStory offering, UPPERCUT! (Scripts by Feldstein . . . cover by Wood!)

Dear Editors,

*Congrats! SHOCK SUSPENSTORIES is the greatest thing since the alphabet!*

*Marie Raab—Cleveland, Ohio*

*. . . Let me congratulate you guys for putting out the best 10c book I've ever seen!*

*Roger Roberson—Era, Texas*

*. . . I have always felt, somehow, that E.C. mags are "personally mine" . . . that the public is accorded a share of them, somehow! My interest in them exceeds that of any other magazines of their type. SHOCK is a welcome addition!*

*Ruby MacDonell—Raleigh, N. C.*

*. . . SHOCK is the best mag I've ever read. I especially like the story, THE PATRIOTS. It well illustrates the shock of prejudice. Let's have some stories on racial and religious prejudice too.*

*John Gordon—Fenton, Mich.*

*. . . E.C. mags are the best things to hit the newsstands in a long time. The Seabees here really get a charge out of them. Your latest brain-child, SHOCK, is terrific. It's great to know there's a comic publishing company left that appreciates its readers' intelligence. Why don't your imitators give up? They've met their match!*

*R. C. Ford—2nd Amphibious Seabees, Little Creek, Va.*

*. . . They say that you can't tell a book by its cover! But the E.C. emblem on the cover of a comic book tells you that the book has GOT to be good! SHOCK SUSPENSTORIES proves it!*

*John Lancôt—Burlington, Vt.*

And now, you slush-lovers (you dolls!) can read on! When you've finished, jot down those suggestions, criticisms, gripes, and compliments (Don't worry! We'll print a few!) on a 2c post card. (Whee! Inflation is here!) and send them along to us! Subscriptions . . . 75c for 6 issues . . . a full year's supply! The address for the whole mess is:

The Editors  
Shock SuspensStories  
Room 706, Dept. 4  
225 Lafayette St.  
N. Y. C. 12, N. Y.

The following is a complete list of titles published by



in the  
order of  
their  
publication.

•  
THE HAUNT  
OF FEAR

•  
WEIRD  
SCIENCE

•  
CRIME  
SUSPENSTORIES

•  
FRONTLINE  
COMBAT

•  
TALES FROM  
THE CRYPT

•  
WEIRD  
FANTASY

•  
THE VAULT  
OF HORROR

•  
SHOCK  
SUSPENSTORIES


•  
TWO-FISTED  
TALES



YOU'LL BE JARRED BY THE IMPACT OF THE  
STARTLING CLIMAX TO THIS YARN!

# SPLIT SECOND!

**A CRIME  
SUSPENSE STORY**

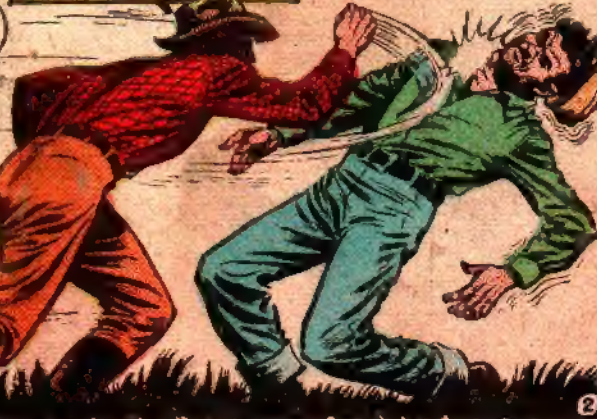
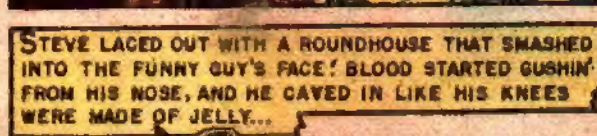
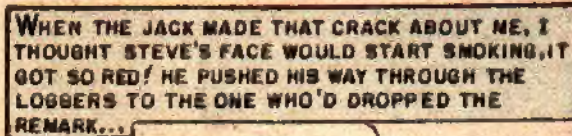
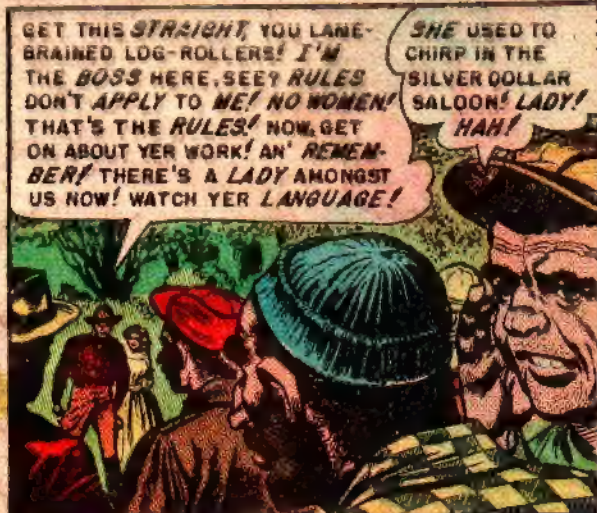


I FIRST MET STEVE DIXON IN THE SMALL  
CANADIAN TOWN WHERE I WORKED! STEVE'D COME  
DOWN FROM HIS CAMP FOR A BRIEF VACATION! I  
WAS SINGIN' IN A CABARET AT THE TIME, AND  
GETTIN' PRETTY SICK OF FIGHTING OFF DRUNKEN  
LUMBERJACKS! SO WHEN STEVE ASKED ME TO  
MARRY HIM...

I RUN THE  
WHOLE SHOW, LIZ! I'M  
BOSS! YOU'LL HAVE  
EVERYTHING YOU WANT!  
THEM AXE-SWINGERS  
JUMP WHEN I SAY  
SOMETHIN'!

ARE THERE  
OTHER WIVES  
AT THE  
LOGGING CAMP,  
STEVE?







STEVE STOOD OVER HIM, GLARIN' AT THE REST OF THE LUMBERJACKS.

ANYBODY ELSE WANT T'BE CONVINCED 'BOUT HOW I EXPECT MY WIFE T'BE TREATED?

UH-UH, STEVE!

WE GET YUH, STEVE!

THE MEN MOVED OFF, CRUMBLIN'... AND THE GUY THAT STEVE HIT GOT TO HIS FEET AND STUMBLED AWAY NURSIN' HIS BLEEDIN' NOSE...

GEE, STEVE! YOU SURE TREAT 'EM ROUGH?

YOU GOTTA TREAT 'EM LIKE THAT! OTHERWISE THEY THINK THEY KIN GET AWAY WIT' SOMETHIN'!

THE MEN WERE SORE! I COULD TELL! THEY WERE MAD 'CAUSE STEVE BROUGHT ME TO THE CAMP.

I GOT A WIFE! WHY CAN'T I BRING HER HERE?

'CAUSE HE'S THE BOSS! HE'S EXTRA SPECIAL!

THEY TREATED ME LIKE TYPHOID MARY! THEY STEERED CLEAR...WHICH WAS OKAY WITH ME! I'D HAD ENOUGH OF THEIR KIND BACK IN TOWN...

HEY! HERE COMES MRS. DIXON!

BREAK IT UP!

I REALLY GOT A TASTE OF LUMBERCAMP LIFE IN THE FOLLOWING WEEKS! THE MORE I SAW OF IT, THE MORE I HATED IT! THEN...ONE DAY...A STRANGER BLEW INTO CAMP...

WHAT YUH WANT, KIDDO?

I'M LOOKING FOR A JOB! ANY OPENINGS?

HE WAS YOUNG...MAYBE NINETEEN...AND HANDSOME! AND HE WAS BUILT NICE! NOT LIKE STEVE...NOT BIG AND MUSCULAR! HE WAS LITHE...TRIM...

KIN YUH USE AN AXE?

YEP! BEEN SWINGIN' ONE SINCE I QUIT SCHOOL!

STEVE POINTED TO A LOG NEARBY...

LE'S SEE HOW FAST YOU CAN CUT THROUGH THAT SECTION THERE!

SURE THING!



THE KID PICKED UP AN AXE AND STOOD ON THE LOG WITH HIS FEET SPREAD APART! HE GRINNED AT STEVE, AND HE SHOWED NICE, WHITE, EVEN TEETH...

JUST SAY THE WORD, AND I'LL BEGIN!

GO AHEAD! START!



THE AXE STARTED GOIN' UP AN' DOWN! I NEVER SEEN ANYBODY MOVE SO FAST! PRETTY SOON THE KID'D HACKED A WEDGE ALMOST HALF-WAY THROUGH ONE SIDE OF THE LOG...

HEY, FUZ! LOOKA THE KID!

WOW!



THEN HE TURNED AROUND AND STARTED CHIPPIN' AWAY ON THE OTHER SIDE! PRETTY SOON THE LOG WAS CUT CLEAN THROUGH...

THERE! FAST... GASP... ENOUGH?

HMMMM! NOT BAD!

NOT BAD?!



THE KID'S AXE-WORK HAD ATTRACTED SOME OF THE BOYS, AND THEY'D GATHERED AROUND TO WATCH...

SAY... THAT'S THE FASTEST CHOPPIN' I'VE SEEN IN A LONG TIME! WHAT'S YER NAME, KID?

TED! EVER DONE ANY LOG-CHOPPIN' IN THE ANNUAL CONTESTS, TED?



I SHOT A LOOK AT STEVE, AND I COULD SEE HE WAS COMIN' TO A BOIL 'CAUSE THE JACKS WERE FUSSIN' OVER THE KID...

SHUCKS! I... I...

HEY, FUZ! WITH MORGAN HERE IN THE CHOPPIN' AND YOU IN THE ROLLIN', WE COULD CAPTURE THE TOURNEY!

ALL RIGHT! CUT IT!



STEVE WAS REAL MAD! HE STARTED SHOUTIN'...

NOBODY TOLD YOU GUYS TO QUIT WORKIN'! THIS IS NO SHOW! GO ON! GET BACK TO YOUR TREES! AND MAKE IT SNAPPY!

THE MEN SHUFFLE OFF QUIETLY, AND STEVE TURNED TO THE KID...

IF YOU WANT A JOB, YUH GOT IT! BUT GET THIS! THAT TOURNEY STUFF IS ON YOUR OWN TIME! ON MY TIME, YOU HACK PAY-WOOD... UNDERSTAND?

I... UNDERSTAND! AND THANKS! THANKS FOR THE JOB!





SO THE MORGAN KID CAME TO WORK FOR STEVE! RIGHT OFF THE BAT THE OLDER LUMBERJACKS TOOK A SHINE TO HIM...

YOU'RE OKAY, TED! WITH YOU IN THE LOG-CHOPPIN' EVENT, WE'RE A GINCH TO WIN THIS YEAR!

GEE, FELLERS! I HOPE I DON'T LET YOU DOWN!

STEVE KEPT ON THE KID'S NECK THOUGH! I GUESS HE RESENTED HIS YOUTH AND AGILITY...

CUT THE GAB AND GET TO WORK, YOU CRUMBS!

SURE THING, MR. DIXON!

AS FOR ME, IF IT WEREN'T FOR THE KID, I WOULD'VE WALKED OUT ON STEVE LONG AGO! I WAS GETTIN' PRETTY SICK AND TIRED OF STEVE'S BULLYIN'...

HEY, MORGAN! C'MERE FOR A MINUTE!

OH! EVENIN', MRS. DIXON! ANYTHING I CAN DO FOR YOU?

MAYBE IT WAS THE WAY HE LOOKED! MAYBE IT WAS JUST HIS YOUTH! I DON'T KNOW! ANYWAY, I DECIDED THAT MORGAN WAS FOR ME...

TELL ME ABOUT YOURSELF, TED! HOW DO YOU LIKE BEING A LUMBER-JACK?

IT'S OKAY, MA'AM! I LIKE IT FINE! 'CEPT... 'CEPT FOR MR. DIXON!

ONE THING, THOUGH! THE KID WAS DUMB! HE COULDN'T SEE THAT I WAS PLAYIN' UP TO HIM...

OH? STEVE GOT YOU DOWN, TED? AW, DON'T MIND HIM! I DON'T!

HUH? ER... WELL... HE'S THE BOSS, MA'AM! IF ONLY HE WEREN'T SO HARD ON US GUYS!

I'M NOT HARD ON YOU, TED! NO REASON TO BE STAND-OFFISH WITH ME!

ER... I GOTTA BE GOIN'! MA'AM! THE BOYS'RE WAITIN' ON ME! GOTTA PRACTICE FOR THE TOURNEY!

YOU MIGHT SAY I LOST THE FIRST ROUND WITH THE MORGAN KID! AS HE SAUNTERED OFF, I MADE UP MY MIND...

I'LL GET YOU YET, KID! YOU'LL SEE!

'NIGHT, MA'AM!



I KNEW IT WAS GOING TO BE *ROUGH*, TOO! THE MEN WARNED MORGAN ABOUT ME...

KEEP AWAY FROM 'ER, KID! SHE'S POISON!

IF THE BOSS CATCHES YOU FOOLIN' AROUND...

HE'LL BEAT YOU TO A PULP!

GEE! I DIDN'T KNOW SHE WAS THAT KIND!



MEANWHILE, STEVE WAS GETTIN' WORSE AND WORSE! HE EVEN TRIED TO BUST UP THE JACKS' OFF-DUTY PRACTICIN'...

ATTA BOY, FUZ! KEEP 'ER SPINNIN'! ATTA BOY!

PSST! HERE COMES DIXON!

HEY, YOU GUYS...



I PAY YOU GUYS *GOOD DOUGH* BUT TO CUT TIMBER. BUT THIS AFTER HOURS HORSIN' AROUND'S GOTTA STOP! YOU KNOCK YERSELF OUT NOW... AND YOU AIN'T WORTH A GENT ON THE JOB!

I DON'T GIVE A HOOT ABOUT THAT BLASTED TOURNAY! WHAT I'M INTERESTED IN IS HOW MUCH TIMBER YOU STIFFS HAUL!

C'MON, GUYS! LET'S TURN IN! IT'S GETTIN' LATE!

THE MEN WERE SORE... PLENTY SORE! MEANWHILE, I GOT A SECOND CHANCE WITH THE KID! HE'D GONE INTO THE WOODS TO PRACTICE HIS LOG-CHOPPING EVENT WHERE STEVE WOULDN'T SEE HIM ACCIDENTALLY! HE WAS STRIPPED TO THE WAIST! I WATCHED FOR A WHILE... THEN...



HE KEPT HIS DISTANCE AS I CAME UP TO HIM...

S'MATTER, TED? YOU SOUND DISAPPOINTED!

ER... I... SHUCKS, MA'AM! YOU WON'T TELL MR. DIXON ABOUT THIS, WILL YOU?



I PLAYED REAL COY... THAT ALL DEPENDS, TED! THAT ALL DEPENDS!

GULP...

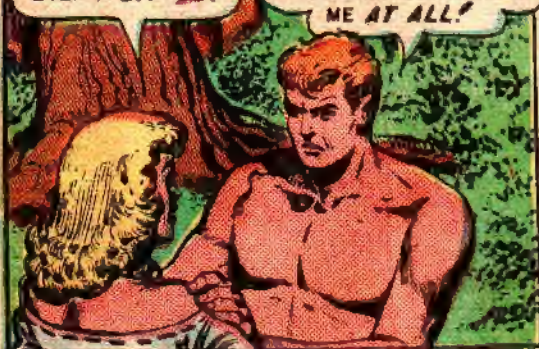




I WAS REALLY SURPRISED WHEN HE SHOVED ME AWAY! THE DUMB STIFF! WHAT AN OPPORTUNITY...

WHAT'S THE MATTER, TED? AREN'T YOU INTERESTED ... EVEN A LITTLE?

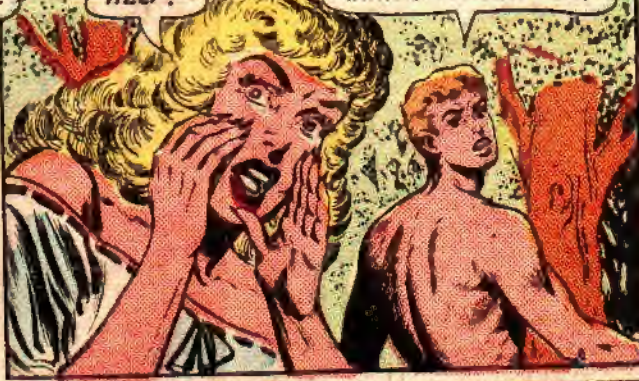
LOOK, MA'AM! WHY DON'T YOU JUS' GO AWAY AND LEAVE ME ALONE! YOU DON'T INTEREST ME AT ALL!



THE YOUNG SQUIRT! I GOT GOOD AND MAD! NO-BODY TURNS LIZ DIXON DOWN AND GETS AWAY WITH IT! I DECIDED TO TEACH THE KID A LESSON...

STEVE! STEVE! HELP!

HUH? GEE, MA'AM! WHAT'S THE MATTER?



STEVE CAME THROUGH THE WOODS ON THE DOUBLE! I MUSSED MY HAIR UP A BIT TO MAKE IT LOOK GOOD! YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN STEVE'S FACE WHEN HE SPIED US...



STEVE'S FACE BLUSHED CRIMSON! HIS EYES WIDENED IN ANGER! HE DOVE AT THE KID...

I'LL TEACH YOU TO FOOL AROUND WITH MY WIFE, YOU DIRTY...

WAIT! I CAN EXPLAIN...



MORGAN WAS NO MATCH FOR STEVE ESPECIALLY WITH THE FIGHTING TACTICS STEVE USED! HE DUMPED TED AND PICKED UP A LARGE ROCK.

STEVE! DON'T! YOU'LL KILL HIM!



STEVE BROUGHT THE ROCK DOWN ON MORGAN'S TEMPLE! I THOUGHT HE'D CRUSHED THE KID'S HEAD, BUT IT WAS A GLANCING BLOW! I SCREAMED! THE JACKS CAME RUNNIN'...



GRAB HIM!

HE'LL BUST OPEN THE KID'S NOGGIN IF HE HITS HIM AGAIN!

THEY PULLED STEVE OFF THE KID AND CARRIED HIS UNCONSCIOUS BODY TO CAMP! HE WAS OUT COLD FOR TWO DAYS! WHEN HE FINALLY CAME TO...

THE LIGHTS! TURN ON THE LIGHTS! I CAN'T SEE...

IT'S BROAD DAYLIGHT!

HE...HE'S BLIND!





THE CAMP WAS ABNORMALLY QUIET FOR THE NEXT TWO WEEKS! I STEERED CLEAR OF THE MEN... ESPECIALLY THE KID! STEVE'D BLINDED HIM...PERMANENTLY...

GEE, FELLERS! I... DON'T WORRY, STEVE! YOU'LL LET YOU DOWN! GUESS THE TOURNEY'S LOST NOW! BE OKAY! YOU'LL DO IT! WE'LL TEACH YOU!



IT SOUNDS CRAZY, BUT THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT HAPPENED! FUZ AND THE OTHER JACKS STARTED TO TEACH THE KID TO CHOP LOGS ...EVEN THOUGH HE WAS BLIND...



THAT'S IT, KID! KEEP THEM STROKES CLEAN, KID!

THEY KEPT AT IT FOR WEEKS... RIGHT UP TO THE TOURNAMENT DATE...PRACTICING THE KID! ONCE I SNEAKED OVER TO WATCH! HE WAS PRETTY BAD...



ATTA BOY, KID! TERRIFIC! THEY'RE... THEY'RE JUST MAKIN' HIM FEEL GOOD!

ACTUALLY, THE KID'S AIM WAS POOR! HE COULDN'T MAKE A NEAT WEDGE! HIS CUT WAS SLOPPY...AND HE WAS SLOW! ON THE EVE OF THE TOURNEY...

OKAY, MR. DIXON! MRS. DIXON! C'MON! MORGAN'S READY FOR HIS LAST PRACTICE SESSION! SO WHAT? YOU WILL BE, DIXON! I'M NOT INTERESTED! C'MON!



STEVE DIDN'T DARE OBJECT WITH THE KNIFE-BLADE PRESSING AGAINST HIS NECK! THAT'S ONE THING MUSCLES CAN'T BEAT. GOLD STEEL! HE WENT QUIETLY! I WENT TOO!

OKAY! TIE 'EM BOTH UP! AND GAG 'EM, TOO! GAG 'EM GOOD! WHAT THE...? STEVE! WHAT ARE THEY GOING TO DO? WHAT IS THIS?



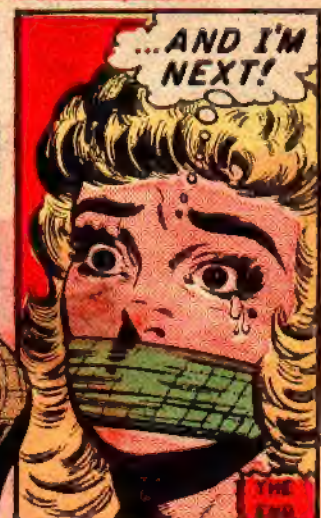
I SOON FOUND OUT WHAT THEY WERE GOING TO DO! LOOK! TED...THE KID... IS ON THAT LOG! HE'S PRACTICING FOR THE EVENT HE THINKS HE'S ENTERED IN! HE'S ALMOST CUT THROUGH THE LOG NOW! THE TROUBLE IS, THE LOG IS HOLLOW...AND STEVE IS INSIDE...TIED AND GAGGED...



ATTA BOY, TED!

JUST A LITTLE MORE, KID!

YOU'LL BE GREAT, TOMORROW!



...AND I'M NEXT!

THE END



HERE'S A GRIPPING TALE OF TENSION WITH  
AN ELECTRIFYING FINAL TWIST!

# CONFESSION

IT WAS NEARLY MIDNIGHT WHEN ARTHUR KEENAN SWUNG HIS GREY SEDAN INTO THE DESERTED STREET! THE BEAM FROM THE SINGLE HEADLIGHT CUT THROUGH THE DARKNESS ILLUMINATING THE ROAD AHEAD! ARTHUR STRAINED HIS EYES AND CURSED...

**BLASTED BUSTED HEADLIGHT!**  
I'D BETTER HAVE IT *FIXED* FIRST  
THING IN THE *MORNING*! CAN'T  
SEE A *THING* THIS WAY!

**A SHOCK  
SUSPENSE STORY**



SUDDENLY THE LONE HEADLIGHT BEAM FELL UPON SOMETHING LYING ON THE GOBBLESTONES AHEAD OF ARTHUR'S SLOWLY-MOVING CAR! ARTHUR GASPED

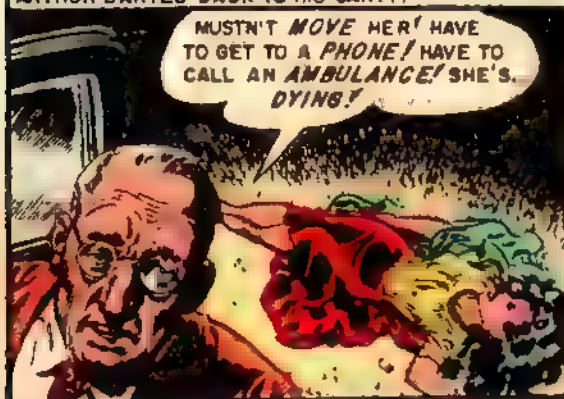


ARTHUR SLAMMED ON THE BRAKES AND HIS CAR SQUEELED TO A STOP! THE FIGURE IN THE HEADLIGHT BEAM LAY MOTIONLESS IN A POOL OF BLOOD! ARTHUR LEAPED FROM THE CAR AND RUSHED TO THE PROSTRATE WOMAN'S SIDE...





ARTHUR LOOKED AROUND, FRANTICALLY! THE DARK FACES OF THE BUILDINGS LOOMED UP ABOUT HIM! THIS WAS A FACTORY SECTION! THERE WERE NO LIGHTS... NO PHONES AVAILABLE AT THIS HOUR! ARTHUR DARTED BACK TO HIS CAR...



MUSTN'T MOVE HER! HAVE TO GET TO A PHONE! HAVE TO CALL AN AMBULANCE! SHE'S DYING!

ARTHUR BACKED HIS CAR UP HURRIEDLY! THE GEARS COUGHED A PROTEST AS HE MESHED THEM INTO FIRST AND SPED OFF DOWN THE DARK STREET! AT THAT MOMENT, A POLICE PATROL CAR TURNED THE CORNER BEHIND HIM...



LOOK, FLAGG! THERE'S SOMEONE LYIN' IN THE BUTTER!

AND THAT CAR'S HIGHTAILIN' IT OUT OF THERE! LET'S GO!

THE PATROL CAR SURGED FORWARD, SKIDDING TO A STOP BESIDE THE INJURED WOMAN...



SHE'S BEEN HIT BY A CAR!

SEE WHAT YOU CAN DO, FLAGG! I'M GOIN' AFTER THAT LOUSY HIT-AND-RUN!

THE POLICE OFFICER NAMED FLAGG LEAPED FROM THE SQUAD CAR...



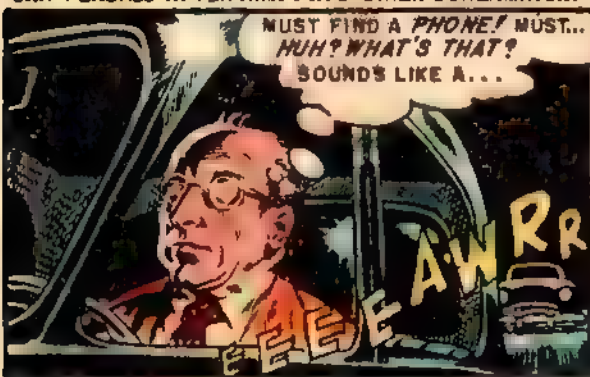
OKAY, RILEY! DON'T WORRY! RADIO IN FOR AN AMBULANCE! I'LL WAIT HERE!... AND GET 'IM!

THE SQUAD CAR ROARED OFF IN PURSUIT AS THE OFFICER REMAINING STOOPED OVER THE CRUMPLED FORM...



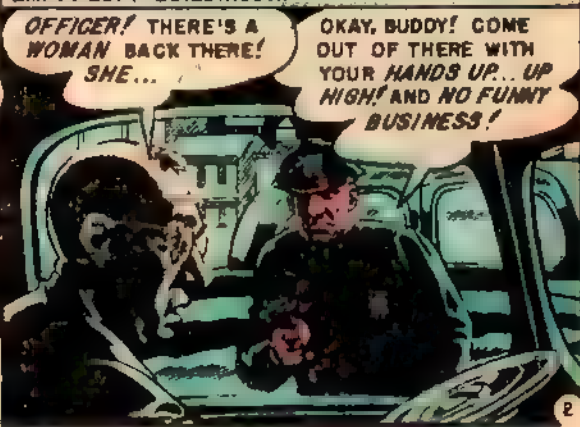
AN AMBULANCE WON'T DO THIS GAL ANY GOOD! SHE'S DEAD!

MEANWHILE, ARTHUR KEENAN SPED THROUGH THE DESERTED FACTORY SECTION, LOOKING FOR AN OPEN DINER... A POLICE CALL-BOX... ANYTHING THAT MIGHT HELP HIM SUMMON AID FOR THE INJURED WOMAN HE'D JUST LEFT! BEHIND HIM, THE SQUAD CAR FLASHED AFTER HIM... ITS SIREN SCREAMING...



MUST FIND A PHONE! MUST... HUH? WHAT'S THAT? SOUNDS LIKE A...

THE SQUAD CAR DREW UP ALONGSIDE, FORCING ARTHUR TO THE GURD! THE SHRIEKS OF BRAKES AND THE DYING WHINE OF THE SIREN ECHOED OFF THE EMPTY LOFT BUILDINGS...



OFFICER! THERE'S A WOMAN BACK THERE! SHE...

OKAY, BUDDY! COME OUT OF THERE WITH YOUR HANDS UP... UP HIGH! AND NO FUNNY BUSINESS!



THE PRECINCT STATION BUZZED WITH EXCITEMENT! ARTHUR KEENAN STOOD BEFORE THE DESK SERGEANT... HIS HAIR MUSSUED... HIS CLOTHES DISHEVELED! HE WAS FLANKED BY THE TWO RADIO CAR OFFICERS WHO'D ARRESTED HIM! A DETECTIVE SHOUTED AT A SWITCH-BOARD OPERATOR! OTHERS STOOD ABOUT, GLARING...

WHAT'S YOUR NAME, PUNK?

KEENAN! ARTHUR KEENAN! BUT YOU'VE GOT ME ALL WRONG...

SHUT UP, YOU MURDERING RAT!

TRY AND LOCATE LIEUTENANT STALEY, CHARLIE! TELL 'IM WE JUST PICKED UP A HIT-AND-RUN! THE WOMAN HE HIT IS DEAD!

YES, SIR!

ARTHUR BEGAN TO SOB! ONE OF THE DETECTIVES SNEERED AT HIM.

YOU MADE A BIG MISTAKE TRYIN' T' RUN AWAY, KEENAN! A BIG MISTAKE!

I DIDN'T DO IT, I TELL YOU! I WAS GOING FOR...

D'JA HEAR THAT, BECKER? THE #1X@ SAYS HE DIDN'T DO IT!

TELL 'IM WE GOT WAYS TO MAKE SLOBS LIKE HIM CONFESS, MASON!

WHY DON'T YOU SAVE YOURSELF A LOT OF GRIEF, KEENAN? ADMIT IT!

I DIDN'T DO IT, I TELL YOU! I WAS JUST...

HERE'S THE LIEUTENANT, SIR! HE JUST GOT HOME!

HELLO, LIEUTENANT! THIS IS MASON, HERE! WE JUST HAULED IN A HIT-AND-RUN! OFFICERS FLAGG AND RILEY CAUGHT HIM RED-HANDED! KILLED A WOMAN!

KILLED, EH? GOT A CONFESSION?

NOT YET, LIEUTENANT! THE GREEK DENIES IT! WE'RE GONNA WORK 'IM OVER NOW! THOUGHT YOU MIGHT LIKE TO SIT IN!

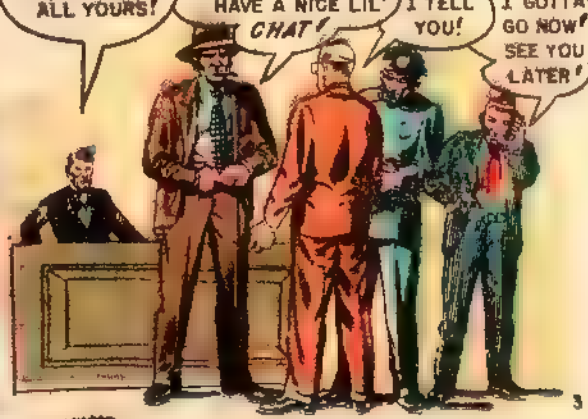
I'LL BE DOWN AS SOON AS MY WIFE GETS IN, MASON! SHE WENT TO A SHOW 'OUGHT TO BE BACK SOON!

ALL RIGHT, DETECTIVE BECKER! HE'S ALL YOURS!

C'MON, KEENAN! YOU, ME, AND MASON'RE GONNA HAVE A NICE LIL' CHAT!

BUT I DIDN'T DO IT, I TELL YOU!

S'LONG, LIEUTENANT! I GOTTA GO NOW! SEE YOU LATER!





THE ROOM WAS DARK, EXCEPT FOR ONE BRILLIANT LIGHT THAT HUNG ABOVE THEM! ARTHUR SHOOK HIS HEAD AS THEY FIRED QUESTIONS AT HIM.

THEY FOUND GLASS ALL AROUND THE BODY, KEENAN! YOUR CAR'S GOT A BUSTED HEADLIGHT! YOU STILL DENY IT?

I BROKE THAT HEAD-LIGHT LAST WEEK! PLEASE! LET ME SIT DOWN! I'M TIRED!

YOU'LL STAND, YOU \*#!\*! WHEN YOU DECIDE TO ADMIT IT, YOU CAN SIT DOWN!

I DIDN'T DO IT! I DIDN'T!

HOW MUCH DID YOU HAVE TO DRINK, KEENAN? YOU STINK FROM IT!

I HAD TWO! ONLY TWO! I WAS AT A PARTY TONIGHT! YOU CAN ASK THEM! I ONLY HAD TWO SMALL DRINKS!

YOU WERE DRUNK, WEREN'T YOU, KEENAN? YOU COULDN'T STOP IN TIME! AFTER YOU HIT HER, YOU GOT SCARED! YOU RAN!



NO! NO! SHE WAS THERE WHEN I DROVE UP! I WAS GOING FOR HELP! I... OWWWWW!

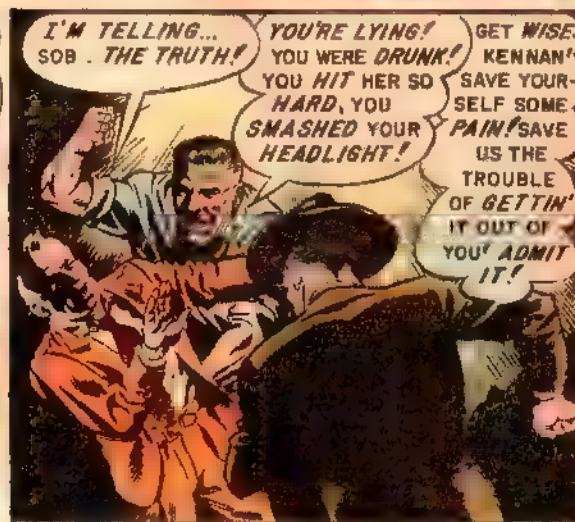
SHUT UP! YOU'RE LYING! LISSEN, PUNK! DON'T TRY TO WORM YOUR WAY OUT OF THIS! WE'LL MAKE YOU ADMIT IT!



I'M TELLING... SOB... THE TRUTH!

YOU'RE LYING! YOU WERE DRUNK! YOU HIT HER SO HARD, YOU SMASHED YOUR HEADLIGHT!

GET WISE, KENNAN! SAVE YOURSELF SOME PAIN! SAVE US THE TROUBLE OF GETTIN' IT OUT OF YOU! ADMIT IT!



I DIDN'T DO IT! SHE WAS THERE WHEN I...

YOU LYIN' \*#!\*! I'LL MAKE YOU TALK!



MY ARM! YOU'RE BREAKING IT! OWWWWW!

TALK, KEENAN! TALK!

WHERE IS HE? WHERE IS THAT MURDERIN' \*#!\*?!



LIEUTENANT!





I JUST SEEN 'ER!  
I JUST SEEN THE  
WOMAN HE KILLED!  
**IT'S MY WIFE!  
MY WIFE!**

**WHAT?!**

SHE... SHE DIDN'T  
COME HOME! I...  
I GOT WORRIED!  
I CAME DOWN  
ON A HUNCH!

D'JA HEAR  
THAT,  
KEENAN? D'JA  
HEAR WHO  
YOU KILLED?



THE LIEUTENANT'S  
WIFE, KEENAN!  
KILLIN' A GOP'S  
WIFE IS AS BAD  
AS KILLIN' A  
GOP!

KNOW WHAT  
WE DO TO  
GOP-KILLERS,  
KEENAN?

**OOOWWWW!**



YOU BETTER  
TALK,  
KEENAN!

I DIDN'T  
DO IT!



**LIAR!  
LIAR!**

**GOP-  
KILLER!**

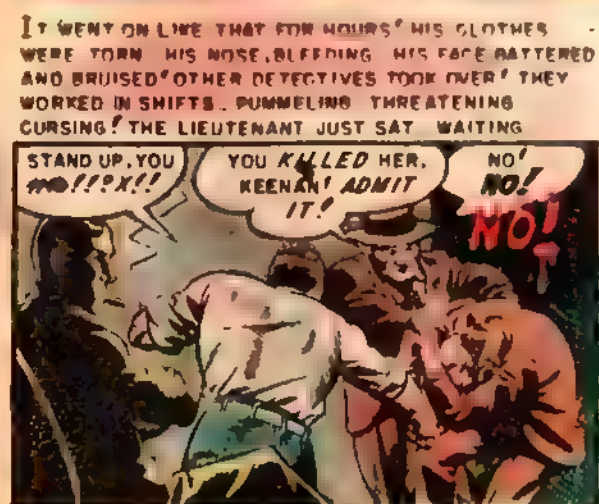


THEY HIT HIM! THEY TWISTED HIS  
ARMS! THEY MADE HIM STAND  
ERECT WHEN HE COULD BARELY  
STAY ON HIS FEET! AND ALL THE  
WHILE THE LIEUTENANT SAT  
THERE... WATCHING... WAITING...

TALK,  
BLAST  
YOU!

ADMIT  
IT,  
KEENAN!

**SOB  
SOB  
I SOB  
DIDN'T  
SOB  
DO IT!**



STAND UP, YOU  
**NO!!! X!!**

YOU KILLED HER,  
KEENAN! ADMIT  
IT!

**NO!  
NO!  
NO!**



NIGHT PASSED AND DAWN CAME! INSIDE THE PRE-  
CINCT, THEIR WORK WENT ON! THE PUNISHMENT  
CONTINUED

LIEUTENANT! CAN I  
SEE YOU A MOMENT?

SURE, DOYLE! KEEP IT  
UP YOU GUYS! MAKE  
'IM TALK!



OUTSIDE THE LITTLE ROOM WITH THE SINGLE OVERHEAD LIGHT, THE DETECTIVE NAMED DOYLE WHISPERED TO THE LIEUTENANT...

GOT THIS LAB REPORT, SIR! NO BLOOD ON THE GARMENTS ARE OLD...MAYBE A WEEK! GLASS FRAGMENTS ARE FROM HEADLIGHTS OF A STANDARD MANUFACTURER!

SO WHAT, DOYLE?

MAYBE HE DIDN'T DO IT, SIR? MAYBE YOU OUGHT TO TAKE IT EASY WITH HIM?

HE KILLED MY WIFE, DOYLE! HE'S GONNA ADMIT IT!

HE COULD BE TELLING THE TRUTH, LIEUTENANT! ALL WE'VE GOT IS HIS BUSTED HEADLIGHT AS PROOF! MAYBE HIS STORY IS TRUE! MAYBE HE DID BUST IT LAST WEEK WHEN HE HIT THAT FENCE!

TOO MUCH OF A COINCIDENCE, DOYLE! THE BOYS'LL MAKE HIM TALK! YOU'LL SEE!



SURE THEY'LL MAKE HIM TALK! THEY COULD MAKE ANYBODY TALK! THEY'VE BEEN GRILLING HIM FOR TEN HOURS NOW!

IF I WANT YOUR ADVICE, I'LL ASK FOR IT, DOYLE! WATCH WHAT YOU SAY OR YOU'LL FIND YOURSELF POUNDIN' AN EAST-SIDE BEAT AGAIN!



THE LIEUTENANT WENT BACK INTO THE DARK ROOM WITH THE LIGHT! THE GRILLING CONTINUED...

N-N-O! P-LEASE! DON'T HIT ME WITH THAT LEAD PIPE. SOB SOB...

THEN ADMIT YOU KILLED HER, YOU DUMB SLOB! TALK!

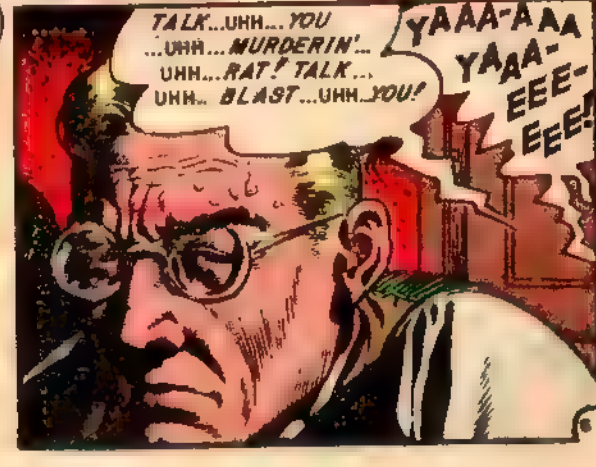


BUT I...I DIDN'T DO IT! WON'T YOU PLEASE BELIEVE ME...SOB...SOB...

HE'S STUBBORN, LIEUTENANT!

HERE! GIMME THAT PIPE! LET ME CONVINCE HIM!

OUTSIDE THE GRILLING-ROOM, DETECTIVE DOYLE WINGED AS THE LEAD PIPE FELL AGAIN AND AGAIN, AND THE SUSPECT'S GRIES OF PAIN DRIFTED THROUGH THE THICK DOOR



TALK...UHH...YOU...UHH...MURDERIN'...UHH...RAT! TALK...UHH...BLAST...UHH...YOU!

YAAA-AAA  
YAAA-  
EEE-  
EEE!



ARTHUR KEENAN LAY SPRAWLED ON HIS STOMACH. BLOOD TRICKLING FROM HIS TOOTHLESS MOUTH! ONE EYE WAS COMPLETELY CLOSED! THE BONES IN HIS NOSE WERE SPLINTERED! HIS SCALP HAD BEEN OPENED... HIS HAIR WAS MATTED WITH STICKY OOZE! HE SOBBED...

N-NO. MORE! I... I DID IT! PLEASE! SOB..SOB! NO. MORE!

SIGN THIS, KEENAN!

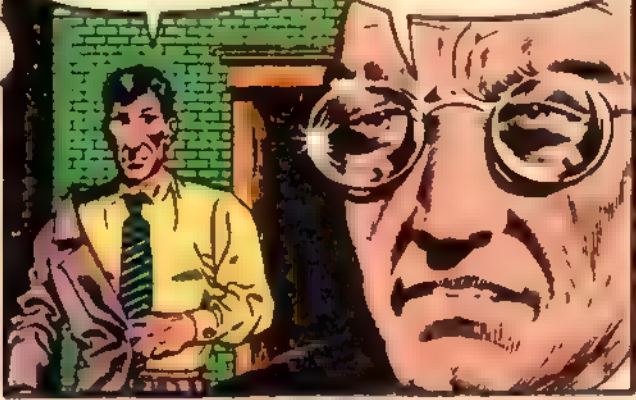
OKAY, LIEUTENANT! THAT WRAPS IT UP!



OUTSIDE THE DARK ROOM, DETECTIVE DOYLE LOOKED QUESTIONINGLY AT LIEUTENANT STALEY AS HE EMERGED.

HE TALKED, DOYLE! HE FINALLY ADMITTED IT! I TOLD YOU HE WOULD!

YES, SIR! YOU DID! CONGRATULATIONS! I GUESS I WAS WRONG!



LIEUTENANT STALEY WENT OUT OF THE STATION INTO THE WARM AFTERNOON AIR! HE STOPPED ON THE STEPS TO LIGHT A CIGAR...



THEN HE STARTED FOR HOME! ON THE WAY, HE STOPPED OFF AT A STORE...



WHEN HE CAME OUT, HE CARRIED A PACKAGE...



UPON REACHING HIS HOUSE, THE LIEUTENANT WENT DIRECTLY TO HIS GARAGE



WHERE HE UNWRAPPED THE NEW HEADLIGHT HE'D PURCHASED



AND, AFTER CLEANING HIS WIFE'S BLOOD FROM HIS CAR, BEGAN REMOVING THE BROKEN HEADLIGHT IN ORDER TO REPLACE IT...



THE END



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Cautiously he squirmed past the tiny emergency door, hearing his breath echo explosively through the shaft. Rising to his feet, he wiped his forehead with the back of his hand and looked up to the elevator car poised far overhead. The hint of a grin creased the corners of his mouth: it was all going to work out perfectly. Within 5 minutes the elevator would ascend to the Penthouse and, when it started down, it would be bringing his wife on her *last ride!*

He slipped a pair of heavy steel nippers from his pocket and slowly fastened the bulky instrument around the control-cable which governed the elevator's movement. The metal threads which were twined together to make up the thick cable began to separate under the pressure of his straining hand. He felt his stomach knotting with the effort necessary to cut through the tough metal... in about 2 minutes the severed edges showed that only a single thread in the center of the cable remained uncut. It was strong enough to get the car up to the Penthouse when his wife signalled for it... enough to start her toward the meeting he had previously arranged by telephone. Her meeting with DEATH!

His preparations were complete. Crouching down in the shaft, he kept his eye on the control panel which indicated the elevator's whereabouts. All he had to do was wait now... and go over in his mind the path which had led to this impending triumph. For it *would* be a triumph: his wife's death would free him from the fear of divorce... a separation which was designed to cut him off from her fortune!

This idea of his was the solution to all his worries; so simple yet ingenious a scheme that



he had mentally rebuked himself a dozen times for not thinking of it sooner. For all it entailed was calling his wife from outside the apartment and asking her to meet him at his office. Estimating the amount of time it would take her, he had been able to pin-point within 5 minutes the moment of her departure from the building. And here he was, ready to cut the last strand of cable and catapult her to death while *he* slipped safely out of the shaft through the emergency door beside him. Then back to his office . . . and who could accuse him of complicity in his wife's *accidental* demise?

The UP-signal flashed on the control panel and apprehensively he watched the board. The car passed 8 . . . 9 . . . 10. He tensed involuntarily: it was headed for the Penthouse. It *must* be his wife who had signalled the car, for only *they* lived on that floor! His eyes remaining on the control panel, he saw the signal which indicated that the door had opened and the passenger had boarded the car. Then, swiftly, his nippers tightened around the cable and he wrenched at it with all his strength. With an audible sigh of joy he heard the metal break and snap in half. Far above, the roar of the falling car came whistling down the shaft. It was out of control . . . his wife's last ride was close to completion!

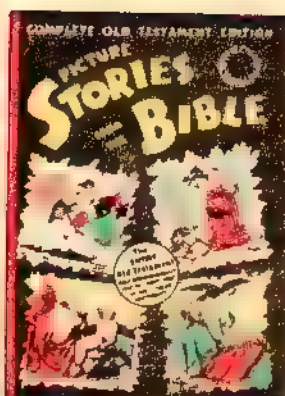
He stepped quickly to the emergency door and pushed against it, a smile of satisfaction on his face. The smile faded suddenly and was replaced by a look of stark horror: the emergency door was closed solidly. With increasing frenzy he lunged at the rectangle of metal . . . it didn't budge! Cutting the control panel must have automatically shut all doors leading to the elevator shaft!

Even before he could scream out his anguish, the plunging car was upon him. The steel floor crushed him almost instantly . . . the ponderous falling weight jellied him in the grease of the elevator shaft. And in the final split-second of his fast-fading consciousness, he was dimly aware that his wail of agony had blended with that of the doomed woman inside the car. For both him and his wife this had been a **LAST RIDE!**



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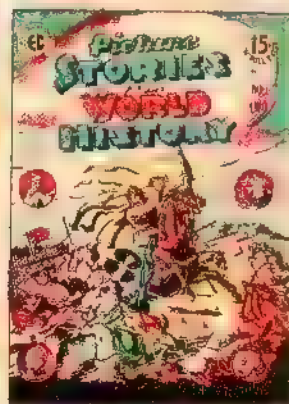


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# SALVATION!

With a shudder of fear, as he crouched low in the wobbling freight car, Bancroft heard the sound of heavy footsteps reverberating across the rooftops... a railroad dick was making his inspection of the moving train! He was trapped, Bancroft realized... with the evidence of his crime right on his own back! Robbing that stalled motorist back on the highway had been easy enough, but hopping the freight... which seemed such a wonderful idea at the time... was going to lead to his capture! For the tweed jacket and flannel pants he was wearing stuck out on him like a sore thumb. The duds were too fancy for someone who bummed rides on freights; the detective would undoubtedly think the clothing mighty fishy and hold him for the state police. And the guy Bancroft had robbed... though he had been knocked unconscious before he had a chance to see his assailant... could easily identify those clothes! His jacket and pants, Bancroft realized, were enough to convict him!

The footsteps were closer now. To jump off... with a drop of 200 feet on either side of the tracks... was *suicide*! And to be picked up by the dick meant positive identification through the stuff he was wearing. *Some choice*, Bancroft muttered. *Immediate death or ten years in the state pen!*

A sudden movement across the freight car caught his eye. Someone was crouching there... a guy Bancroft hadn't seen as he climbed aboard when the train had slowed down for water-pickup. Across the rattling car the men glared suspiciously at one another, and in that instant Bancroft knew that his salvation was at hand! The other guy was much smaller, and Bancroft had little trouble wrestling him to

the floor and knocking him unconscious with a piece of loose planking. It was the work of a moment to rip the guy's tattered and grimy clothing from his body and change costumes with the unconscious tramp. The dick's footsteps were only 3 cars away when Bancroft pushed his victim through the open freight door. The tweed jacket and flannel pants rolled clear of the speeding train... in an instant they were gone from sight, along with the bum who was going to save Bancroft from arrest. *Let 'em pick me up now*, Bancroft thought as he fingered the clothing which felt so clammy and wet under his touch. *I'm ready!*

The detective was in the car now, moving menacingly toward Bancroft, who got up sheepishly to meet the man. All that could happen was that he'd be thrown off the train at the next slow-down! But the dick had stopped abruptly and was staring incredulously at Bancroft. Then, in one movement, he had pulled a gun from his jacket and was yanking on the emergency cord.

His gun leveled at Bancroft's chest, the beefy detective spoke: "The Law'll be happy to collar YOU!" he rasped. "After what you pulled, you shoulda had the brains to get rid of them duds!"

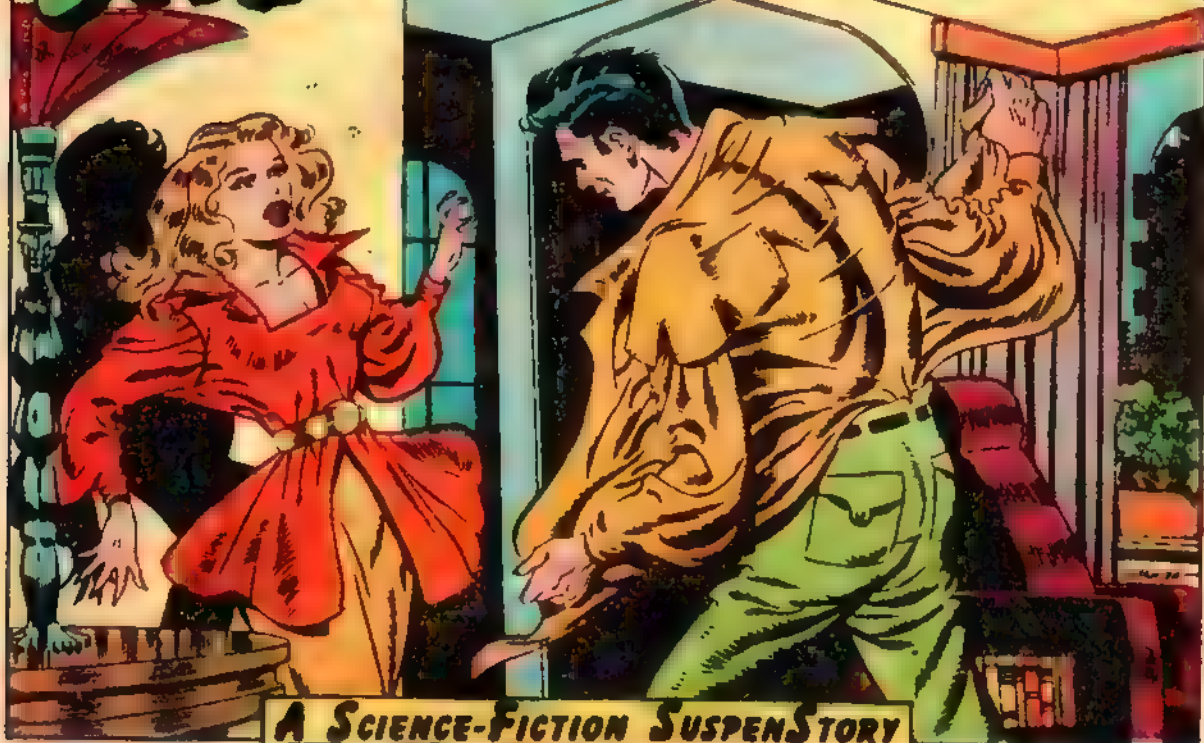
Instinctively, Bancroft looked down at his clothing: the clamminess he had experienced was due to the fact that the soiled and tattered material was covered with still slick *blood*!

"They've got you *cold*," the dick was saying as the train jerked to a stop. "Examination of the blood on your shirt'll be enough to hang you for that murder over in Kent just an hour ago!"



THIS SCIENCE-FICTION STORY WITH ITS  
SURPRISE ENDING SHOULD STARTLE YOU!

# STRICTLY BUSINESS!



## A SCIENCE-FICTION SUSPENSE STORY

THE VACUUM-LIFT SPED UPWARD CARRYING DIANNE MASTERS TO THE TWO-HUNDREDTH LEVEL IN A MATTER OF SECONDS! THE LIFT'S DOORS SLID OPEN NOISELESSLY AND DIANNE STEPPED OUT ONTO THE SUNLIT, PLUSH-CARPETED TIER! SHE MOVED DOWN THE CORRIDOR BETWEEN THE GLASS WALL AND THE LINE OF APARTMENT DOORS...

BENIND DIANNE, THE TWENTY-FIRST CENTURY CITY GLEAMED IN THE MORNING SUNLIGHT! SHE RAISED A NERVOUS FINGER AND PUSHED THE BELL-BUTTON! INSIDE A MELODIC CHIME RESOUNDED, AND FOOTSTEPS APPROACHED! THE DOOR TO 200-B SLID OPEN AND A TALL, DARK-EYED, HANDSOME MAN SMILED AT HER...







THE STRANGER NODDED AND STEPPED BACK.

AH! YES! COME IN!

THANK YOU!

DIANNE ENTERED THE APARTMENT! SHE GLANCED ABOUT AT THE EXQUISITE FURNISHINGS...

LIKE WHAT YOU SEE, MISS MASTERS?

OH, YES! IT'S VERY NICE, MR... MR...



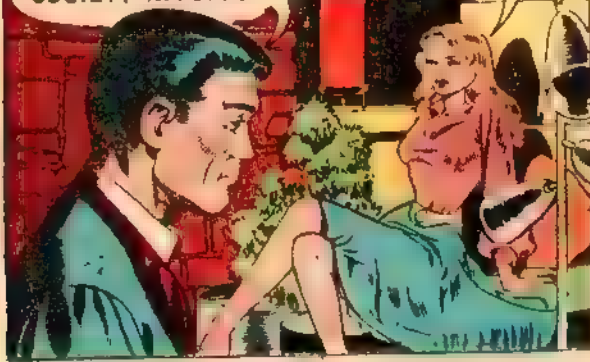
GRAVEN... ALEG- GRAVEN! SITDOWN, MISS MASTERS!

YOU'D BETTER TELL ME ABOUT YOUR OFFER, MR. GRAVEN!



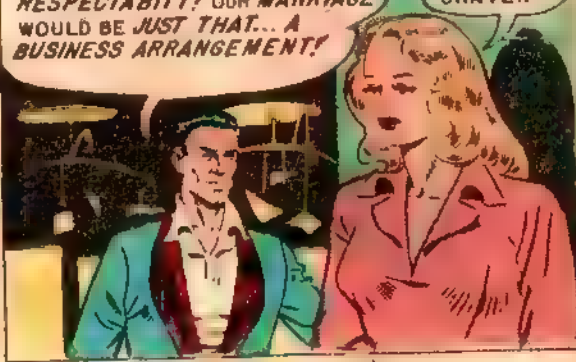
MY OFFER IS VERY SIMPLE, MISS MASTERS! I NEED A WIFE! IN RETURN, I CAN SUPPLY MY PROSPECTIVE MATE WITH ALL OF THE LUXURIES OUR SOCIETY AFFORDS!

A WIFE! BUT THE AD SAID THIS WAS A BUSINESS OFFER!



IT IS, MISS MASTERS! AS YOU SEE, I HAVE ALL THE WEALTH I NEED TO LIVE COMFORTABLY! HOWEVER, IT IS NECESSARY FOR ME, AS PART OF MY WORK, TO ASSUME AN AIR OF RESPECTABILITY! OUR MARRIAGE WOULD BE JUST THAT... A BUSINESS ARRANGEMENT!

HOW... HOW LONG WOULD THIS... THIS ARRANGEMENT LAST, MR. GRAVEN?



THE USUAL THREE-YEAR MARRIAGE-CONTRACT PERIOD, MISS MASTERS! AT THAT TIME WE'LL NEGLECT TO RENEW... AND THE AUTOMATIC DIVORCE WILL BE INVOKED!

I SEE! AND THE TERMS



STRICTLY BUSINESS, MISS MASTERS! WE WILL OCCUPY SEPARATE ROOMS! WE WILL GO AND COME AS WE PLEASE! IT WILL BE A MARRIAGE IN NAME ONLY! YOUR SALARY WILL BE HIGH... VERY HIGH!

BEFORE I GIVE MY ANSWER, MR. GRAVEN, I'D LIKE TO KNOW JUST WHY YOU FIND THAT YOU MUST BE MARRIED!





MR. CRAVEN'S FACE DARKENED!  
HE LOOKED AT DIANNE STERNLY...

AS I SAID, MISS MASTERS, YOU  
THIS WILL BE A **BUSINESS** NEEDN'T  
**ARRANGEMENT!** MY GET SO  
**REASONS ARE MY OWN ANGRY,**  
**BUSINESS!** I EXPECT MR.  
**YOU TO MIND YOURS! CRAVEN!**  
**UNDERSTAND?**



I'M SORRY, MISS  
MASTERS! I JUST  
DON'T LIKE  
PEOPLE THAT  
PRY!



DO YOU  
MIND IF  
I ASK HOW  
MUCH YOU'RE  
PAYING FOR  
THIS... THIS  
**BUSINESS**  
**DEAL?**

**\$10,000 PER**  
**YEAR!** THAT'S  
**\$30,000 FOR**  
**THE THREE**  
**YEAR PERIOD!**

THAT THAT'S  
A LOT OF  
MONEY, MR.  
CRAVEN! I...  
I ACCEPT  
YOUR OFFER!



BY THAT YEAR IN THE TWENTY-FIRST CENTURY,  
MARRIAGE LAWS HAD CHANGED CONSIDERABLY! THE  
MARRIAGE LICENSE HAD BECOME LIKE THE TWENTIETH  
CENTURY AUTOMOBILE LICENSE! IT HAD TO BE RENEWED!  
COUPLES WHO HAD NO DESIRE TO REMAIN MARRIED HAD  
ONLY TO LET THEIR MARRIAGE EXPIRE! THE DIVORCE  
COURT HAD VANISHED! THE HAPPILY MARRIED  
MERELY RENEWED THEIR LICENSE... THEREBY RENEW-  
ING, ALSO, THEIR DEVOTION...



SIGN HERE PLEASE,  
MISS MASTERS!

YES, SIR!

AND SO, DIANNE MASTERS BECAME MRS. ALEG  
CRAVEN FOR A THREE YEAR PERIOD...

THIS WILL BE YOUR ROOM,  
DIANNE! YOU'LL FIND EVERY-  
THING YOU NEED IN THE  
CLOSETS AND DRAWERS

IT'S...IT'S  
LOVELY, ALEG!



ALEG DREW HIS WALLET FROM HIS POCKET...

HERE'S YOUR FIRST YEAR'S SALARY  
IN ADVANCE, DIANNE! TEN  
THOUSAND DOLLARS! I HOPE  
OUR ARRANGEMENT WILL BE  
SATISFACTORY TO BOTH  
OF US!

AREN'T YOU  
AFRAID I'LL  
RUN AWAY  
WITH THE MONEY,  
ALEG?



I'D BE GETTING OFF CHEAP,  
DIANNE! REMEMBER! YOU'RE  
MARRIED TO ME FOR THE NEXT  
THREE YEARS WHETHER YOU  
STICK AROUND OR NOT! FOR  
MY PURPOSES, THAT'S  
GOOD ENOUGH!

I WAS ONLY  
JOKING, ALEG!  
I DON'T  
WELSH ON  
BUSINESS  
DEALS! YOU  
CAN TRUST  
ME!





ALEG BID DIANNE GOOD-NIGHT AND CROSSED THE APARTMENT TO HIS OWN ROOM! DIANNE HESITATED... THEN LOCKED HER BEDROOM DOOR

JUST TO MAKE SURE IT STAYS STRICTLY BUSINESS... MR. GRAVEN!



THEN DIANNE WENT TO THE HUGE MIRRORED CLOSET AND SLID THE DOORS OPEN! INSIDE HUNDREDS OF DRESSES AND SUITS HUNG NEATLY! DOZENS OF PAIRS OF SHOES LINED THE FLOOR-WACKS.

GASP! A WARDROBE! A COMPLETE... WONDERFUL WARDROBE...



NEXT SHE FLUNG OPEN THE DRESSING TABLE DRAWERS.

JEWELRY! DIAMONDS! RUBIES! EMERALDS! I I



DIANNE COULDN'T BELIEVE HER EYES

MAKE-UP! PERFUME! EVERYTHING A WOMAN COULD WANT!



IT WAS, INDEED, A VERY SATISFACTORY BUSINESS ARRANGEMENT FOR DIANNE! AND SO, ON HER WEDDING NIGHT... ADORNED WITH JEWELRY, ANOINTED WITH EXPENSIVE PERFUMES, WEARING AN EXPENSIVE GOWN... DIANNE CRAWLED INTO HER HUGE LAVISHLY UPHOLSTERED BED... A ONE, BUT HAPPY.



IN THE MONTHS THAT FOLLOWED, DIANNE TOOK TO HER NEW 'JOB' FEVERISHLY! ALEG WAS VERY PLEASED! OFTEN, AT NIGHT, HE WOULD ENTERTAIN! DIANNE PLAYED THE PERFECT HOSTESS.

YOU HAVE A CHARMING WIFE, GRAVEN!

THANK YOU, SENATOR!



ALEG WAS VERY SWEET TO DIANNE! THEIR RELATIONSHIP GREW WARMER AND WARMER.

YOU WERE EXCEPTIONALLY CHARMING TONIGHT, DIANNE!

THANK YOU, ALEG! I'M GLAD I PLEASED YOU!





BY THE END OF THE FIRST YEAR, DIANNE BEGAN TO WISH THAT HER MARRIAGE TO ALEC WAS...WELL...LESS *BUSINESS-LIKE*! BUT ALEC REMAINED COOL...



WHAT DID YOU SAY, DEAR? I'M SORRY! I WAS READING!

I SAID I *DIDN'T* LOCK MY BEDROOM DOOR LAST NIGHT, ALEC!

OH? WELL, DON'T WORRY! YOU CAN TRUST ME! HMMM! I SEE IT'S TIME TO GO! SEE YOU TONIGHT, DIANNE!



'BYE, ALEC'



SOB...SOB...SOB...

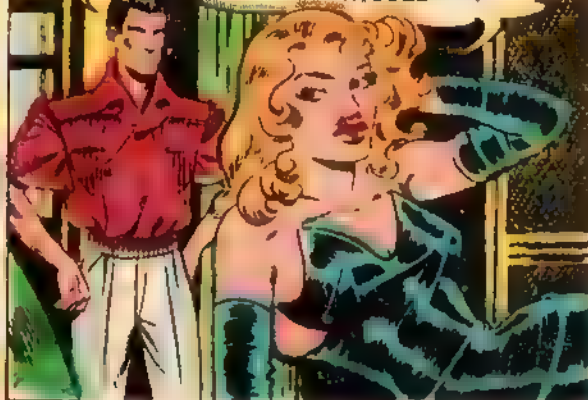
YES, DIANNE WAS UNHAPPY! SHE HAD FALLEN IN LOVE WITH HER HUSBAND! AT FIRST IT HAD BEEN *GRAND*! CLOTHES, JEWELRY, EVERYTHING A WOMAN COULD WANT! EVERYTHING, THAT IS, EXCEPT ALEC...THE ONE THING DIANNE WANTED...



GOOD-NIGHT DIANNE! SEE YOU IN THE MORNING!

ALEC! I...I... COME HERE A MOMENT, PLEASE!

YES, DIANNE! WHAT IS IT? ALEC! WE...WE'VE BEEN MARRIED FOR ALMOST *TWO YEARS* NOW! DON'T YOU THINK THAT IT'S ABOUT TIME YOU...YOU... *KISSED ME*?



I BEG YOUR PARDON, DIANNE! YOU'RE FORGETTING...THIS IS A *BUSINESS* ARRANGEMENT... *STRICTLY BUSINESS*!

ALEC! FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE! CAN'T YOU SEE I'M IN LOVE WITH YOU?



LOOK HERE, DIANE! YOU'LL JUST HAVE TO FORGET THIS *FOOLISHNESS*! LOVE IS OUT OF THE QUESTION! WE MUST KEEP THIS RELATIONSHIP ON A *FRIENDLY BUSINESS* BASIS... NOTHING MORE!

ALEC GRIVEN! I HATE YOU!





AS THE END OF THE THIRD YEAR DREW NEAR, DIANNE REALIZED THAT WITH IT CAME THE END OF THEIR MARRIAGE CONTRACT! SHE APPROACHED ALEC ONE NIGHT.

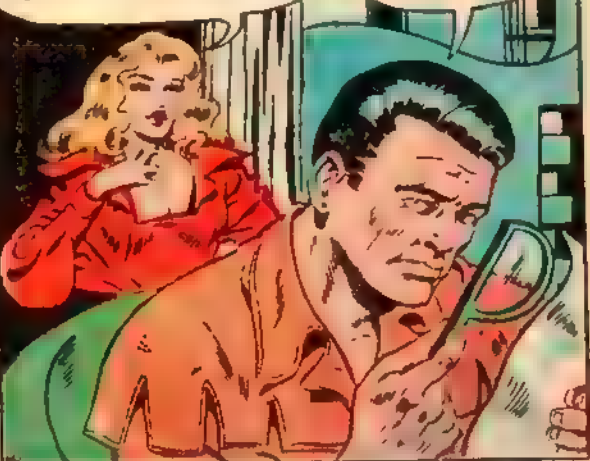
WE... OUR CONTRACT RUNS OUT IN THREE WEEKS, ALEC!

I KNOW, DEAR!



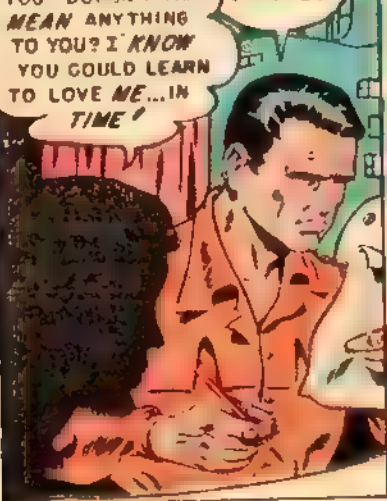
YOU'RE... YOU'RE NOT GOING TO WANT TO RENEW IT?

I'M AFRAID NOT, DEAR!



BUT ALEC! I LOVE YOU! DOESN'T THAT MEAN ANYTHING TO YOU? I KNOW YOU COULD LEARN TO LOVE ME... IN TIME!

SORRY, DIANNE!



ALEC! YOU KNOW THAT A MARRIAGE CONTRACT AUTO-MATICALLY RENEWS ITSELF IF THE WIFE IS EXPECTING A CHILD, DON'T YOU?

YES, DEAR! I KNOW!



ALEC! I'M EXPECTING A CHILD! OH, I KNOW YOU'LL DENY IT BUT THEY'LL BELIEVE ME! NO MAN AND WOMAN COULD LIVE TOGETHER FOR THREE YEARS...

BUT YOU'RE MIS-TAKEN, DIANNE! WE COULD!



YOU WANTED TO KNOW WHY I NEEDED A WIFE? I'LL TELL YOU... NOW THAT OUR WORK IS COMPLETED! I BELONG TO A SPECIAL GROUP DEALING WITH THE SCIENCE OF CYBERNETICS! OUR WORK HAS BEEN SECRET! WE HAD TO APPEAR AS ORDINARY PEOPLE! YOU NOTICED THAT ALL OF MY ASSOCIATES THAT I'VE ENTERTAINED ARE MARRIED! WE COULDN'T AFFORD TO APPEAR SUSPICIOUS! IN THREE WEEKS, WE TAKE OVER. THERE ARE ENOUGH OF US NOW!



CYBERNETICS? BUT THAT... THAT...

YES, MY DEAR! THE SCIENCE OF MECHANICAL-ELECTRONIC LIFE! LOOK! SEE? YOU COULDN'T BE EXPECTING A CHILD, NOW, COULD YOU? NOT VERY WELL, WHEN YOUR HUSBAND IS A ROBOT!



THE END



BRACE YOURSELVES FOR THE SHOCKING  
WINDUP TO THIS JOLTING TALE!

# UPPERCUT!



**A HORROR  
SUSPENSE STORY**

YOUR NAME IS JOE WILEY! YOU'RE IN THE FIGHT RACKET... BEEN IN IT FOR YEARS! YOU'VE HAD LOTS OF BOYS, GOOD AND BAD! YOU'VE SEEN 'EM COME AND GO! IN FACT, JOE WILEY RIGHT NOW YOU'RE ON THE LOOKOUT FOR A NEW FIGHTER...

I NEED THE DOUGH, MR WILEY! I'M TRYIN' T' PUT MY KID BROTHER THROUGH MED SCHOOL!

OKAY, DIXON! GET INTO SOME TRUNKS AND GO A ROUND OR TWO! I WANNA SEE WHAT YOU LOOK LIKE!



YOU TAKE THEM WHEN THEY'RE GREEN, DON'T YOU, JOE WILEY? YOU TAKE 'EM YOUNG, AND YOU DRIVE 'EM... DRIVE 'EM TILL THEY'RE PUNCH-DRUNK AND SLOW! AND THEN, AFTER YOU'VE MADE ALL YOU CAN ON 'EM, YOU DUMP 'EM AND LOOK FOR A NEW BOY

HEY, EDDIE! GIVE THIS YOUNG SQUIRT A WORKOUT! I WANNA SEE IF HE'S GOT ANY STUFF!

SURE THING, MR WILEY! C'MUN, PUB!





SO NOW YOU'RE WATCHING THE LATEST OF YOUR LONG LINE OF CHUMPS BEAT HIS BRAINS OUT... TRYING TO IMPRESS YOU...

KEEP YOUR LEFT UP, DIXON! STOP BACK-TRACKIN'! DRIVE IN!

PANT...  
YES...  
PANT...  
SIR...

YOU LISTEN TO THE FLAT SOLES SCRAPING ON THE CANVAS... LISTEN TO THE GRUNTS AND GASPS OF THE TWO MEN ABOVE YOU AS THE GLOVES LAND...AND IT MEANS ONLY ONE THING TO YOU, JOE WILEY... MONEY! MONEY...FOR FLESH...

OKAY, DIXON! GRAB A SHOWER AND SEE ME IN MY OFFICE!

YES, SIR!

FOR THAT'S WHAT YOU ARE, JOE WILEY! A FLESH-PEDDLER! AN AGENT FOR VIOLENCE...A SELLER OF YOUTH FOR PUNISHMENT...

WELL, MR. WILEY! HOW DID I LOOK? AM I GOOD ENOUGH?

NOT GOOD, DIXON! NOT BAD, EITHER! YOU'LL NEED PLENTY OF TRAINING! PLENTY!

YOU MEAN YOU'LL TAKE ME ON, MR. WILEY?

YEAH...I'LL CHANGE IT, DIXON! ONE THING THOUGH! ONE THING ABOUT THIS FIGHT RACKET! THERE'S NO PLACE IN THE RING FOR A GUY WITH NO GUTS!

I. I GET YUH, MR. WILEY!

YOU GOT TO HAVE GUTS TO BE A FIGHTER, DIXON! JUST REMEMBER THAT!

SURE A KID'S GOT TO HAVE GUTS TO BE A FIGHTER. JOE WILEY! ESPECIALLY IF HE WORKS FOR YOU! BECAUSE YOU'RE JUST INTERESTED IN ONE THING! THE DUCK! THE ALMIGHTY DOLLAR...

YOU SURE YOUR BOY'S GOOD ENOUGH, WILEY? MURPHY'S A TOUGH NUT?

JUST BOOK THE FIGHT, MAX! MY BOY'LL PUT UP A GOOD SHOW!

YES, HE'S GOT TO HAVE GUTS, JOE WILEY! BECAUSE YOU'RE GOING TO RUN HIM DOWN! PUT HIM IN WITH BOYS THAT FAR OUTCLASS HIM! FIGHT HIM TWICE A WEEK! SUCK EVERY DIME YOU CAN GET...

MURPHY? TOM MURPHY? WHY, HE'S A LEADING CONTENDER, MR. WILEY!

S'MATTER, DIXON? LOSE YOUR NERVE? YOU WANT TO HIT THE BIG TIME, DON'T YOU?



IT'S EASY ISN'T IT, JOE WILEY? EVERY TOP NUTCHER IN THE RACKET LIKES A *PUSHOVER* ONCE IN A WHILE. IT'S EASY MONEY FOR HIM! SO YOU SUPPLY THE *SUCKERS*, EH, JOE? AND IT'S EASY MONEY FOR YOU...

AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, FOR THE SEMI-FINAL ATTRACTION IN THIS CORNER, WEIGHING 164 POUNDS TOM MURPHY! AND IN THIS CORNER... AT 163... HERBY DIXON!

REMEMBER, KID! KEEP YOUR LEFT UP!

THEN THE *MURDER* BEGINS, DOESN'T IT, JOE? THE KID IS *RAW*... AND MURPHY IS *RING-WISE*? YES... IT'S *MURDER* ALL RIGHT MURDER FOR DIXON YOUR LATEST BOY

MURPHY IS REALLY OVERPOWERING THIS NEWCOMER, FOLKS! IT LOOKS LIKE DIXON WON'T LAST ANOTHER ROUND...



BETWEEN THE ROUNDS YOU FIX THE KID UP... CLOSE HIS CUTS, SWAB HIS LACERATIONS, TALK TO HIM...

AND THEN THE *MURDER* BEGINS AGAIN! YOUR BOY IS TAKING *PUNISHMENT*, JOE! *PAINFUL PUNISHMENT*! BUT DOES IT BOTHER YOU?

NO, JOE WILEY! IT'S THE *DOUGH* THAT BOTHERS YOU! THAT'S WHAT YOU'RE INTERESTED IN! NOT WHAT THOSE PUNCHES ARE DOING TO THE POOR KID'S *FACE*... TO HIS *BRAIN*? NO! IT'S HOW MUCH YOU CAN *MAKE*...

HE'S TOO GOOD FOR... GASP... ME, JOE! YOU... YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE... PUT ME IN... AGAINST HIM...

S'MATTER? GOT NO *OUTS*? THINK OF THE *DOUGH*. THINK OF YOUR KID BROTHER!

YOUR BOY WON'T LAST ANOTHER ROUND, JOE!

WANNA BET? FIFTY SAYS HE GOES ANOTHER...

HE'S DOWN, FOLKS! DIXON IS DOWN!

5  
6  
7

GET UP, KID! GET UP!



9... 10 YOU'RE OUT!

FIFTY BUCKS, JOE! PAY UP!

BLASTED CRIM-BUN!

YOU'RE *SORE*, AREN'T YOU, JOE? YOU LOST FIFTY BUCKS! THE KID COULDN'T TAKE IT! YOU TELL HIM OFF, DON'T YOU...

I SAID YOU'RE *THROUGH*! *WASHED UP*! GET YOURSELF A NEW MAN AGER! I DON'T HANDLE *YELLOW-BELLIES*... GRIMS WITH NO *OUTS*!

HE... HE WAS TOO GOOD FOR ME, JOE! I NEEDED MORE *EXPERIENCE*!





AND THAT'S THE WAY IT GOES, EH, JOE? ONE AFTER THE OTHER THEY COME AND GO! THE **SUCKERS!** THE **PUSHOVERS!** THE **UNKNOWN**S TRYING TO BREAK THROUGH! SOME OF THEM SHOW PROMISE! SOME DON'T! BUT IT DOESN'T MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE TO YOU - DOES IT, JOE WILEY?

I GOT YOU A **FIGHT**, GOLBY! IT'S A GOOD BREAK! **NEXT WEEK!**

GEE, MR WILEY! YOU'RE **SWELL!**



YOU FIGHT **ERNIE MAXWELL!**

HUH? **MAXWELL!** BUT HE'S... HE'S GONNA BE THE **NEXT CHAMPION!**



S'MATTER, KID? YOU **YELLOW?** GOT NO **GUTS?**

GEE, MR WILEY! **ERNIE MAXWELL...**



AND IF YOU **BEAT HIM**, KID? THINK WHAT IT WILL **MEAN!** YOU'LL BE FIGHTIN' IN THE **GARDEN**, NEXT!

GEE! I NEVER **THOUGHT** OF THAT!



YOU DO WHAT I **TELL** YOU, KID! YOU'LL GO **FOR!** MAXWELL'S A **HEADLINER!** THE FIGHT PAYS **BIG MONEY!**

I SURE COULD **USE** IT, MR. WILEY!



IMPRESSIVE RECORDS LOOK GOOD WHEN A FIGHTER'S NEARING THE TOP RUNG OF THE LADDER TO THE CHAMPIONSHIP, EH, JOE? AND YOU PEDDLE THOSE IMPRESSIVE RECORDS - YOU SUPPLY THOSE **'EASY WINS!'**

WEIGHING **150** **ERNIE MAXWELL!** AND IN THIS CORNER, WEIGHING **161**, **JERRY GOLBY**

JUST **TIE HIM UP**, KID! HE'S **ROTTEN** IN THE **IN-FIGHTING!**



SO THE **MURDER** BEGINS AGAIN, EH, JOE? **MAXWELL** - CHAMPIONSHIP MATERIAL - NEEDING WINS - NEEDING TO KEEP HIS NAME BEFORE THE PUBLIC! AND YOUR BOY... **GOLBY** - GREEN - INEXPERIENCED - HARDLY READY! YES, IT'S **MURDER**, JOE! BUT YOU'RE **CASHING IN...**

A **G-NOTE** SAYS YOUR BOY DOESN'T LAST **THREE ROUNDS**, JOE!

YOU'RE **ON**, **LOU!**





SOMEBODY'S GOT TO LOSE, EH, JOE? THAT'S YOUR ATTITUDE ISN'T IT? SOMEBODY WINS... SOMEBODY LOSES! BUT EVEN IF YOUR BOY IS THE ONE THAT LOSES... YOU WIN...

YOU LOOK GOOD, KID! JUST KEEP IN THERE! THIS IS THE THIRD! JUST LAST THIS ONE!

I... GASP... I DON'T. GASP... THINK... I CAN TAKE... ANY MORE... JOE!

A C-NOTE, JOE! IF YOU LOSE IT, YOU'LL COME OUT BEHIND THIS TIME...

YOU GOT NO BUTS? JUST STAY ON YOUR FEET ONE MORE ROUND... THAT'S ALL! ONE MORE!

I'LL SOB. TRY.

YOU SHAME HIM INTO IT, DON'T YOU, JOE? YOU CALL HIM NAMES INSULT HIM PUSH HIM THREATEN HIM! AND HE GOES IN THERE. TAKING IT... FOR YOU...

HE'S DOWN! FANS' COLBY THAT'S IS DOWN! BUT THE A C-NOTE, LOU! NOT YET, WILEY!

THAT'S RIGHT, JOE! YOU HAVEN'T WON YET! COLBY'S GOT TO COME OUT FOR THE FOURTH IN ORDER FOR YOU TO COLLECT! YOU WORK OVER HIM FEVERISHLY.

COLBY! C'MON! SHOW 'EM YOU GOT BUTS! ONE MORE ROUND...

MOTHER! SOB... DON'T SPANK ME! SOB... SOB... I'LL BE GOOD!

HE'S PUNCHY, EH, JOE? HE'S UP QUEER STREET! YOU OUGHT TO THROW IN THE TOWEL! BUT THAT C-NOTE! YOU'LL LOSE IT! SO YOU SHOVE HIM OFF THE STOOL AS THE BELL SOUNDS...

AND HERE'S THE FOURTH, FOLKS! COLBY STAGGERS OUT OF HIS CORNER! HIS EYES ARE GLASSY...

OKAY, LOU! HAND IT OVER! HE ANSWERED THE FOURTH!

YOU'RE LUCKY, WILEY! HERE!

YOU'RE TOO BUSY STUFFING THE HUNDRED DOLLAR BILL IN YOUR WALLET, JOE WILEY! YOU DON'T EVEN SEE WHAT'S HAPPENING TO YOUR BOY

MAXWELL LANDS A CRUSHING RIGHT... A MURDEROUS LEFT ANOTHER RIGHT AND ANOTHER! COLBY IS OUT ON HIS FEET!

YOU LOOK UP IN TIME TO SEE YOUR BOY GO DOWN

8 9 10 YOU'RE OUT!

SOMEBODY GET A DOCTOR! THAT KID'S HURT!



YOU WATCH QUIETLY, JOE WILEY, AS THE DOCTOR KNEELS OVER HIM, SHAKING HIS HEAD...

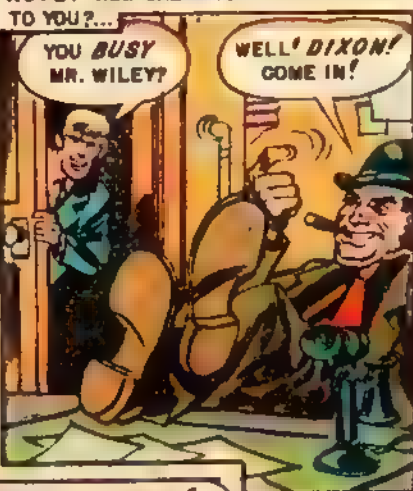
THIS MAN IS DEAD!



YES, JOE WILEY! JERRY COLBY IS DEAD! YOU KILLED HIM... FOR A LOUSY 5-NOTE! HOW CHEAP IS A MAN'S LIFE TO YOU?...

YOU BUSY MR. WILEY?

WELL! DIXON! COME IN!



I HEARD ABOUT COLBY, MR. WILEY! IT'S TOO BAD!

AHH, HE WAS A GRUM! DIDN'T HAVE ANY BUTS!



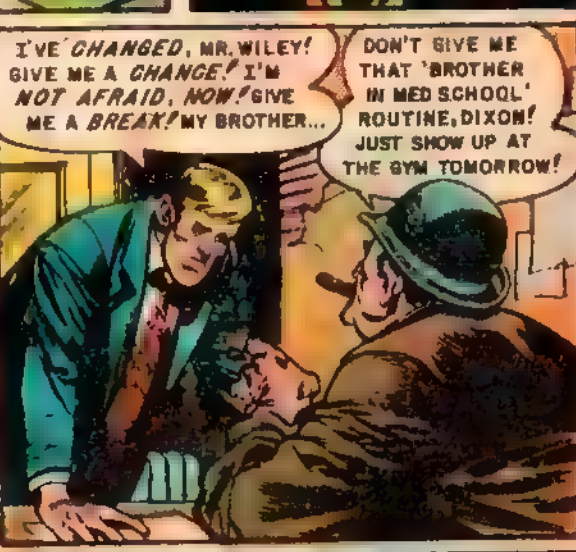
YOU'LL NEED A NEW BOY! NOW, MR. WILEY! I... I WAS THINKIN'...

YOU, DIXON? HAH! DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH! YOU AIN'T GOT ANY BUTS, EITHER!



I'VE CHANGED, MR. WILEY! GIVE ME A CHANGE! I'M NOT AFRAID, NOW! GIVE ME A BREAK! MY BROTHER...

DON'T GIVE ME THAT 'BROTHER IN MED SCHOOL' ROUTINE, DIXON! JUST SHOW UP AT THE GYM TOMORROW!



YOU MEAN YOU'LL TAKE ME ON AGAIN? SEE! THIS CALLS FOR A CELEBRATION! NOW ABOUT A DRINK, MR. WILEY? I'LL POUR 'EM!

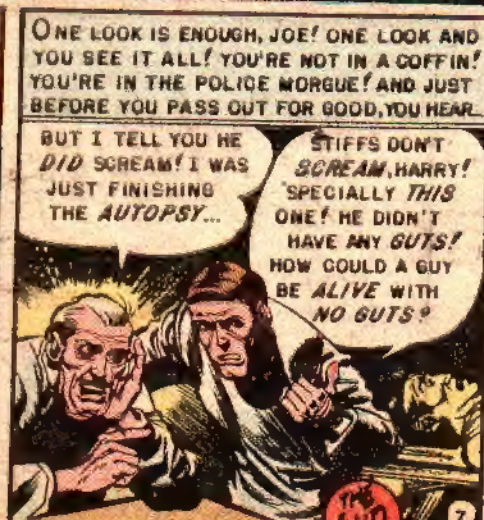
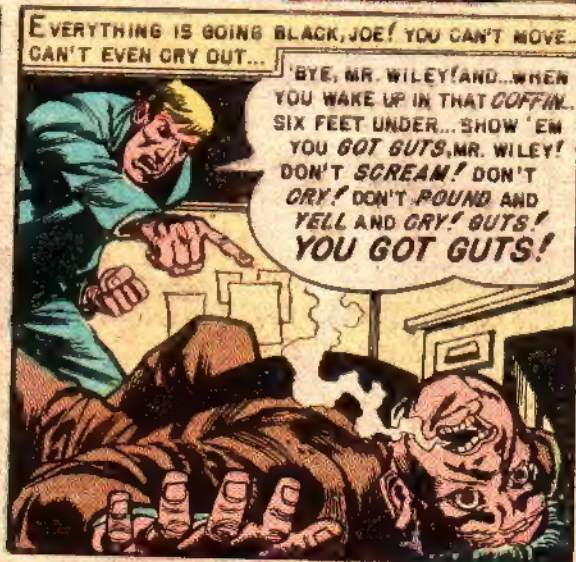
I COULD USE ONE! OKAY! THE BOTTLE'S IN THE CABINET THERE!



YOU'RE TOO BUSY TO NOTICE DIXON PUTTING THAT POWDER INTO YOUR DRINK, JOE! YOU'RE TOO BUSY FIGURING OUT YOUR NEXT MOVE WITH THIS MONEY-MAKER...









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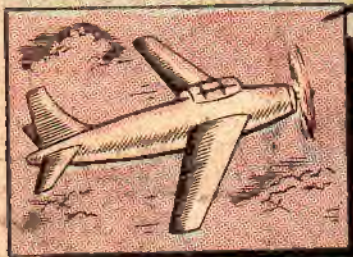


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So powerful it will drive boats weighing as much as fifty times as much as the motor itself! Use for Model Submarines, PT Boats, Yachts, Cruisers, Tugs, Liners.



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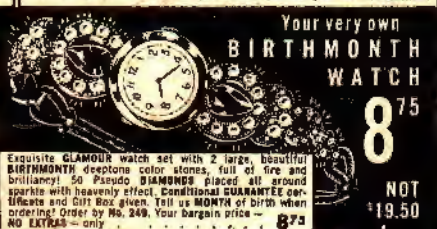
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